VOLUME LV CHICAGO, JUNE 15, 1905. NUMBER 16

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Plainness and clearness without shadow of stain!
Clearness divine!
Ye heavens, whose pure dark regions have no sign
Of languor, though so calm and though so great
Are yet untroubled and unpassionate;
Who, though so noble, share in the world's toil,
And, though so task'd, sleep free from dust and soil!
I will not say that your mild deeps retain
A tinge, it may be, of their silent pain
Who have long'd deeply once, and long'd in vain—
But I will rather say that you remain
A world above man's head, to let him see
How boundless might his soul's horizon be,
How vast, yet of what clear transparency!
How it were good to live there, and breathe free;
How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still!

Matthew Arnold.

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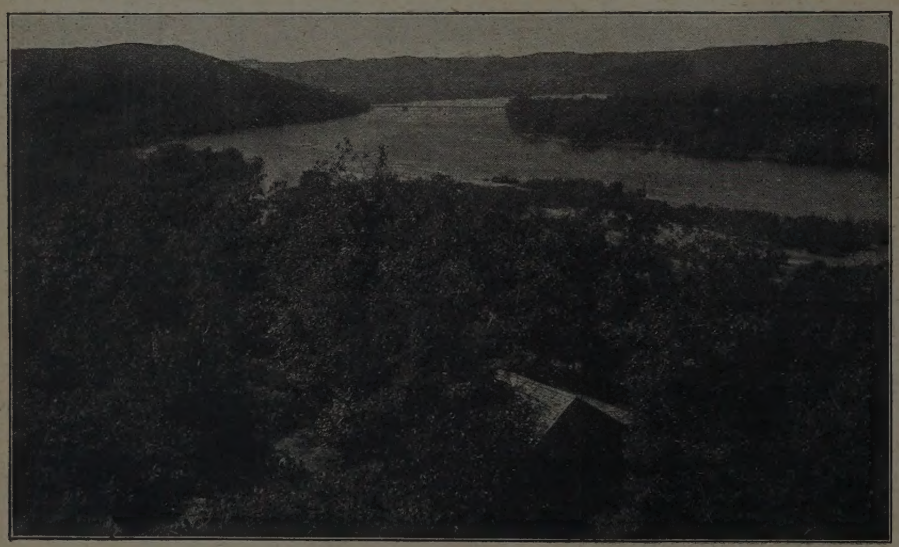

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LV. THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1905. NUMBER 16

Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith dare to do our duty.

—From bronze tablet on south front of Abraham Lincoln Centre.

The annual rose festival has just been celebrated again by the Lutheran congregation at Manheim, Pa. One hundred and twenty-three years ago Baron Henry W. Steigel donated a church site to this organization on condition that an annual rental of one red rose should be paid to him and his descendants forever. The gracious gift and the benignant rental have gained in the affections of the people by the flight of the century. This year five thousand people came to take part in the festival, each bringing a rose which after rendering this liturgical service went to cheer the sick in the hospitals of Lancaster, Philadelphia, New York and other towns. Surely, love is contagious and beauty is persistent.

"Gay time in England! Americans conspicuous for display of diamonds and other gems!"

"Nation in peril; Alarming conditions existing in poorer district of London! Great Britain producing hordes of degenerates!"

These are the great headlines taken from companion columns on the one page of a Sunday newspaper. Alongside of the lavish display that gathered around the visit of King Alphonse is the grewsome story of the unemployed coming up to London as they did in the days of John Ball as described by William Morris, to lay their grievances at the door of parliament and to demand only a chance to earn an honest living. They pray only for the privilege of exchanging honest sweat for bread. Something is wrong and the wrong is not inexplicable nor is it inevitable. The nature of the wrong is not far to seek and the remedy not difficult to prescribe. It is simply a question of willingness to apply.

We have recently called attention to the tendency in our Jewish exchanges toward special anniversary numbers. Once a year at least, on holiday or other occasion, these papers bloom into sumptuous brilliancy. Now our neighbor, the *Reform Advocate*, caps the climax in its issue of June 10th, which is made a hospital and sanitarium number. The inspiring cause is the rebuilding of the Michael Reese hospital in Chicago. But the material takes a wide range, reaching from Jewish types of the orient through Paris synagogues to the Battle Creek idea. But in the main the bulky issue is true to its name. The learned contributions from expert physicians on children's wards, tuberculosis, the modern hospital idea, make the pages valuable. Added to this is much interesting historical material not only concerning the Michael Reese hospital in Chicago, but Jewish hospital work in New York, Philadelphia, Paris and elsewhere. The pages are profusely illustrated. Advertisements, many of them running parallel with the text, and their illustrations, add value to the issue which must commend itself to physicians, trained nurses, invalids and friends of invalids everywhere. We congratulate the publisher of the *Reform Advocate* with having successfully accomplished a big job in weekly journalism.

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* thinks our statement that the social power of the church as compared with that of the saloons is largely a question of electric lights "is a somewhat extravagant statement, but there is enough truth in it to make it worthy of serious consideration." To the extravagance of a dismembered sentence out of continuous discourse we promptly plead guilty, but we are glad that our Methodist neighbor agrees with us in the large grain of truth therein contained. It is not simply that our city churches are too dark and gloomy, as he admits,—they are not only dark but locked much of the time. They leave the saloon without a social competitor. The saloon stands on most of our streets as the only place where one can find accessible cheer of warmth in winter, a cooling place in summer and light in darkness, without the sense of intrusion and with the certainty that he will receive the glad hand which, however insidious, carries a degree of cordiality and hospitality, which are the soul-needs of every human being. We stand by our assertion for the very reason that in the effort to supply light and heat, the generous forethought involved therein either brings or creates the spiritual cordiality, the intellectual virility and the ethical earnestness that will go far towards completing the needed work of redemption.

Rev. Charles F. Carter in last week's *Congregationalist* finds "a gain from Christian controversy," the Rockefeller missionary contribution giving point to his reasoning. It is particularly gratifying to see how the storm center has been shifted from the realm of theological dogma to the realm of sociological ethics. The old battle ground of the texts is being abandoned

in the interest of the new battle ground of the deeds. Mr. Carter in his pointed article calls attention to the fact that "moral action consists not only in a good end nor yet in a good end actuated by a good motive, but it must be a good motive moving towards a good end based on means and methods that are good." In short, he must not only make good use of his money but he must make his money in a good way. He says, "The church must receive all those who come to it for help and must keep them on its rolls even when they fall below Christian standard. But when it is asked to stand in relation of dependence or of honor to those whose public conduct belies the spirit of Christ, the effect upon the church and the work it has to do becomes a paramount consideration." It is interesting to see how steadily and rapidly the conscience of the religious press and pulpit is being educated in these days on these lines of the social conscience. The phrase "tainted money" has come to stay, but the phrase throws the problem further on. It is not the money that is tainted. UNITY holds that there is honest sweat somewhere in every dollar and that money is cleared by use. Like running water, it is purified as it runs. But it is the stolidity that refuses to note scandal or scandalous conduct or that for the sake of the money refuses to pass judgment on the arraigned who, if not already convicted, stands accused at the bar of public opinion, that is stultifying to the conscience. An assumed agnosticism concerning these long standing scandals, crimes attested to by court record and official document is mephitic. This is the bad air that fails to oxygenize the blood. It makes anemic the individual, the church and society.

"What to do with the boy" is the unsolved social problem of the city parent during the long summer vacation. This problem is far more pressing on the parent who can afford to send his boy out into the country or even afford to send the mother along with him, for the lad from 8 to 15 is a perplexity in the country as in the city. Untutored to country environment, untrained to the courtesies that belong to animals, hired men, women and the simple life of the farm house, he is in danger of degenerating through idleness, ever growing into impudence and boisterousness. In the country as in the city, wearisome is the life of the normal boy who has all his time to play, who has two months and more, one-sixth of the year, set apart for fun in the assumption that his bodily health and mental development are dependent upon this successful pursuit of fun. Happy is the boy who has work to do, not made work, but real work to do in July and August as well as in December and January. Still more happy is the boy if this work runs parallel with the interests of his father and bigger brothers; if in his doing something he contributes to the well being of the family as well as himself. But this is a beatitude not easily attained, for the prosperous city farmer must realize that he cannot order wholesome activity for the boy that is sent into the country in the same way that he can order bread and milk for him. City boys are of little use on the farm until they have passed through an apprenticeship to which few city parents are willing to submit their children. In view of this perplexity, the simple camps, the country schools, the summer schools in the woods by lake and river side that are farthest removed from the attractions and the weariness of the "Resort," offer the most hopeful conditions for the unfortunate boy who has neither the aptitude nor the opportunity for more profitable employment. Indolence and show, the changing of dresses, the making of one's self constantly pleasant, the inanities of the dance and the perpetual picnic, are trying to both sexes and all ages, but they are absolutely demoralizing to boys and girls alike.

An Ungracious Peace.

At last the dove is exploited in the cartoons of the daily papers and the welcome news comes that the bloody conflict is soon to terminate. But O, why could it not have come sooner? Why could not the President of the United States have put in his benignant appeal, and if need be his indignant protest in the name of the humanity for which he now pleads, months and months ago before the horrible carnage had wrought such havoc in the homes and upon the treasuries of both nations? What if his demand had been of no avail and he had followed it up and sought the cooperation of other "Powers" in saving lives! What if the petition of all the Powers of Europe had proved unavailing, which is not likely! Still there would have been prophecy in the protest, and presidents and kings would have won undying fame! What if this protest had aroused bitter antagonism on the part of Russia or of Japan or of both! It takes two to make a quarrel, and the pacific purposes of the protesting nation or nations could be exemplified by their refusal to resort to the brutal tribunal.

All these weary gory months the United States with the other "Powers" have been playing the ethics of the back lot where the ring is formed while the two maddened pugilists have it out. Nay, let them be compared to the boys in the alley who clap their hands in ecstatic glee while two luckless curs are busy chewing one another up.

Shame that the boasted Christian world should stand by all these months in indolent complacency while the innocent thousands on either side were being torn by powder and ball, famished and frozen in the name of war.

In now suing for peace there is no glory for Russia, for it preferred to settle at the lower court of brute force as long as there was any hope of winning out. This present peace will bring but little more glory to Japan. This victory has proven their valor, their splendid discipline, their skill in the arts of war, but whether they are magnanimous or not is yet to be seen. When peace has been ratified, Japan and not Russia will deserve the anxious sympathy of the civil-

ized world, for history shows over and over again that "it is better to go to a house of mourning than to a house of feasting." Adversity, humiliation and the poverty and weaknesses that follow may prove the bitter herbs that serve as tonic to the body politic in Russia. And there is ground to fear that this unparalleled success, this brilliant campaigning, sweeping victory for the Japanese will work for their degradation if not for their ruin. If it should bring to the Japanese people a bumptious pride, a feverish ambition to perpetuate their military and naval prowess, to prove themselves one of the "Powers" of the world,—then it were better for them had their battleships gone down to the bottom and they had been led to travel the road of humility and care-taking discipline.

Peace is glorious when it is sought on its own account, not when it is accepted as a last resort.

The naval victory of Japan will prove a curse not only to Japan but to the world if it awakens new pride and confidence in battleships and gives a false sense of security to those who trust the floating engines of destruction. If recent experiences prove anything they prove that the modern battleship is the most unreliable, irresponsible and destructible thing a nation can place its reliance upon. Generally it is the one who gets in the first shot who is victor, for a few deliverances from the terrible guns do the work. One ball rightly placed sends the floating millions to the bottom. This brilliant naval victory of Japan will give new inspiration to those who chant the false note in American politics today and clamor for a big navy as a means of safety, more ironclads to represent the felonious "big stick" which our President would have us carry and thus belie the "soft word" which he recommends. We are glad to know that our naval department is short of men; that it finds it hard to fill the enlarged quota demanded by the rapid increase of our fighting battalions. This argues a sanity at the heart of the community. The American people are too intelligent to waste their lives in such prison pens for such low ideals and for such idle purposes as are represented by an over large navy. The time is coming when the gold lace and brass buttons will have no charm to the right-minded young men, and a navy that is manned by second rate men will go to the bottom as did the Spanish and Russian ships. In both cases the ships were of approved pattern, equal or superior to their conquerors, but the men on the conquering ships were of finer quality, higher efficiency.

Shame! Shame! Shame! to the nations that have been brutalizing themselves so long, but more shame to the nations which in cold blood have been standing by without protest! But most shame to the mercenary money lenders, whether they be individuals, private corporations or national combines who have furnished both of these nations with the "sinews of war" at a high rate of interest. It has been bad business; it leaves a bad taste in the mouth, and the ideals of civilization have been blurred and degraded. Let there be as little glorification of war as possible.

THE PULPIT.

The Life of God in the Soul of Man.

A SERMON BY W. C. GANNETT, OF ROCHESTER, N. Y., PREACHED AT THE DEDICATION OF THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO, MAY 28, 1905.

Every day we live we face a world of need and tragedy. Think what is going on this moment in those Eastern Seas! Every day our sympathies should lead us towards that world to serve it; no day escape without its hand-lift to some little one; no hour without its heart-lift to some brother lacking cheer. In this earth-home, where some of us have so much and some have less than little, these are but human rules. It is not because we forget, but rather because it is impossible to forget, these things, and because we fain would fit ourselves to do a helper's part in such a world, that it is well now and then to turn aside from all that faces us without, and watch the Life of God as it goes on within the Soul. We meet in times of strain and tumult near at hand, man standing angrily against his brother-man: let us claim one hour apart from tumult for thoughts of that in which alone the causes of men's anger will eventually die out. We meet to open a Congress of Religion: let us turn inward to the renewing source of all religiousness. We meet to dedicate a Church, a Church beautiful in its simplicities of structure and its adaptations to the purpose that has called it into being, a Church pledged by its very name and by the hopes and aims of its founders to throb with great activities of helpfulness: the more need—none feel this so deeply as the builders—the more need to keep clear access to the secret places of the Most High in our souls, from whom all such activities proceed and prosper. For this hour, then, we will try to realize together the Life of the Unseen God within the Unseen Soul of Man.

A thought about the Life of God in the Body of Man may lead as through a gate-way to the inner sanctuary. What is the main fact about this Body of ours? This, that each least thing it does, Nature is doing with it, and that her part is the greater part of the deed. I raise my hand: sun-force that generates the food that generates my muscle-force does vastly more than "I" in that hand-raising. I speak a word: Nature supplies the air, vibrations, throat, and has vastly more than "I" to do with that sound-making. We take a step: sun-force again, and gravitation, contribute more than "we" to our push forward into space. Every act that, as I say, is done by "me" is really done by the Company, the Infinite and the Finite together; and the Silent Partner, the great Power-not-ourselves, is the one whose grand co-operation enables man, the noisy mite of a partner, to effect the deed he calls his own. Now as with the deeds of the Body, so is it with the deeds of the Soul. In the case of Body, we are apt to call the Silent Partner "Nature"; thinking of Soul, are more apt to call it "God." But the two are very One.

We need no careful definition of the Soul, or God, to realize them. Today at least let us assume the Two-in-One: the Soul, a living, finite unit,—thinking, loving, willing, choosing, responsible in part, endowed with power to grow,—but conditioned always, environed everywhere, permeated through and through by God, the Universal Life from which it is inseparate. For illustrations of this Life of God within the Soul, we will not watch great personalities, nor even great crises of our own experience. The force that makes the beauty of the summer reveals itself, indeed, in ter-

rors of the cyclone and in the majestic loveliness of June, but best and most reveals itself in the slow, tender transfiguration which quietly greens the grass-blades in a thousand valleys and lures to bud and blossom all the forests. Even so we best see and feel the Life of God within the Soul in common happenings, every-day experiences. And I will name three of these common happenings.

LOVE.

(1) The first one shall be Love. A very common happening, if we count all forms of love,—the love of child to mother and of mother to the child; the love of brother and sister; the love of the two whose very name is "lovers"; and of the older twos for whom that name of lovers wins ever deepening meaning as the years of blending life go on; and then the love that spreads itself in widening circles of the neighbor, and in deepening currents of sympathy and service, until those in the world who most need love get love from us. Love, in all its varieties, a mystic joy. Love, the most expansive, most transfiguring, force in Soul-growth. Love that, in its every form, is the unselfing force, and therefore—mark the miracle—the most self-making force. Love that individualizes the Soul by universalizing it. I repeat, for there is no time to open far this wondrous thought,—Love the most unselfing, and therefore the most self-making force. In that we feel the universal Heart-Throb, the Life of God in which our Soul-life lives and moves and has its being.

CONSCIENCE.

(2) The second common illustration of that Life shall be the Human Conscience,—and, first, the transparently acting Conscience of a little child. Can anything seem nearer to a moral trifle, more like a spiritual snow-flake, as it were, than that? Think of the downy-headed cub that is laid in the mother's thankful bosom at its birth, inchoate, irresponsive,—meaning what? Meaning "Soul"? Can Soul-life be hidden there? If so, how is it made manifest? And if signified indeed to mother-sense, whence and when did the atom-soul arrive to be inmate of this helpless nine-pound body? Three swift years pass, five years, and lo! that child has become a miracle of manifested meaning; a being visibly compact of budding instincts; all tendrils, all response! And what is that red spot on its cheek? It is something other than the glow of health, for it was not there a moment since. That flushing spot is sign that the Father-God is about his sparrow-work. "Not a sparrow falleth from its nest without the Father," you know; and that little soul has fallen from its nest in the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. Our little boy has done wrong,—been "naughty" as we tell him, and that red spot shows he knows it, too. Quite possibly it already comes more quickly on the child's cheek than on the parent's. Now we have certainly taught our child something about right things and wrong,—but did we teach it the power to *blush* at its wrongs? We say to it, "You ought": but who taught it to *understand* that word? The Living God! The Living God has been before us,—yea, before its birth was spending time to weave within the fibres of its structure the meaning of the august "Ought"! And if your child, besides being sensitive, is also happy in its parentage, your home is going to know for a few years the most beautiful spectacle on earth,—a soul not merely lived in, but transparently lived in by the Power that makes Christs ready for their cross! Your child, as truly as Mary's child in Nazareth. Your little Transcendentalist may presently be teaching you more about right and wrong than you feel able to teach him. The real saint in the house, the holy one,—that is, the one most responsive to the Ought so far as yet revealed to it,—is often the little maid, or even the little boy, from five to twelve years old. Professor Stanley Hall is right, I doubt not, with his register of the successive stages of child-development, and the new moralities that dawn with adolescence, and so on; but Jesus, too, was right, and many an awed and grateful parent feels that he understands just what Jesus meant, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," we parents echo to each other.

Now for our adult enlargement and elaboration of the red-spot experience. It is Sin, as we grown-up children have learned to know it well. Sin,—the full six-act drama of it. A drama so common that everyone is Shakespeare for it. In every act of that inward drama I mark the presence of the Other Actor on the stage: the Other Actor, for there are never more than two upon the stage of Sin,—one's Self and God. The person whom we wrong by our deed, and the world that sees the wrong, are only lookers-on at the real inward tragedy. A six-act drama. The first Act, the prelude of the drama, is the silent entrance of Ideals, God-sent, and our recognition of them as "Ideals." The second Act,—this a home or street or business scene—is the sudden challenge of the Ideal to us, the sudden hearing of the Inward Voice, God's "Ought," —followed by refusal on our part to obey it. That refusal is our fall,—the "Fall of Man"; it is the conscious, free-will choice of a lower instead of a higher course, the two courses being recognized by us as lower and as higher. That is what "Sin" means,—the conscious, free-will choice of a lower in place of a higher course, both being possible, and the two being recognized by us as higher and lower. But is God's Life in that fall, as well as in the voice of Ought? we ask. Yes, because that power to *choose,* that power to fall instead of rise, either being possible, is the very power that makes man Man and child of God. We call it Moral Freedom, or the Power to Will. Without that power to sin we are but brute, or, lower yet, machine.—What next? Act third, the ache of Shame, the inward pain of Shame, worse than the swineries of outward consequence: Shame, which is the brand of God upon us, marking us as his—that is what a brand is for, you know—marking us as his, although we make our bed in Hell. Shame is God grasping us, God holding on to us, when we have chosen fall. Shame is the Christ of God descending into our personal Hell to save us and uplift. To feel lessening Shame in wrong marks greatening danger. And then comes what? The fourth and slowest, longest Act of all,—the hard, disciplining journey of Repentance, the journey which is wrestle all the way ,the conscious journey back to God.—Next what? Then, Act the fifth, the peace of the completed self-surrender; the peace of the full resolve, "Thy will be done—by me." We call that strange peace, the sense of God's "forgiveness": whatever called, it is the eternal Law of Welcome for every penitent arriving at the homestead gate.—And then what? Then the final Act, most wonderful of all, the result we dare not think result until years have tested it as real, and then can only name with bated breath and humblest gratitude,—then, an actual cubit added to the stature of our Soul through that experience of conquered sin! It is more than "redemption." We recognize what Browning's potent half-line means, —"Sins that saint, when shriven!" *When shriven,* mind you; never until then. Nor then, indeed, to a man's own humbled consciousness; to him the word is "saved." Yet even he at last knows well that he

has grown, is nearer to the angel than he was before his fall. For comfort's sake and cheer's, to Browning's word join Tennyson's, the close of "Launcelot and Guinevere":

> "Then groaned Sir Launcelot in remorseful pain,
> Not knowing he should die a holy man."

Sin, then, the full six-act drama of it—the Ideal, the Fall, the Shame, Return, Forgiveness, the Cubit Added,—is it not, throughout, an experience full to the brim of the Life of God in ours? The story of Jesus' victory over temptation is a page from our spirit's diary, too; but Jesus' story of the Prodigal, his fall, the coming to himself, return, confession, welcome, —the story of a conquered sin,—as certainly your experience and mine are the real that there is parabled.

SOUL-GROWTH.

(3) And this very power in the Soul to grow, to add cubits to its stature, shall be our third illustration of the Great Life that worketh in us, making the man-child glorious. The power belongs to all of us in virtue of the power to lose the cubit, if we will by sin. Ability to fall implies ability to rise. Temptation's other name is always "Invitation to go higher." *"Lead* us into temptation!" we might rather pray, if it were not so sure to come without the prayer. Two ways to grow, then; one slow,—the method of Sin conquered, the way of Redemption, just described; the other swift,—the method temptation utilized, the way of the Realized Ideal. Swiftly, or slowly, shall I grow? By Jesus' way of growth or by the Prodigal's? The answer lies with me. Ever a new ideal rises in the Soul, as an old ideal is organized into character, and still further into instinct. Ever something in us sings, "I am what I am, but I am not what I will be!" Endless, tireless, the climb of aspiration, because the Ideal, the Ought, God's Perfect, is unexhausted, inexhaustible; like space, horizoned always, but horizoned only, by unseen reaches of itself. Mystic this Ideal in origin and nature; but the way to realize it—and that is all we really need to know—is very simple, though sometimes very hard. The one way to realize the Ideal is *loyalty to the seen Right of the moment.* "Just to be good, that is enough" to enlarge, and constantly enlarge, the scope of personality. Self-abandonment to seen Ideals, with self-expenditure for others (this last the "Love" already spoken of), forges "self." Self-abandonment to the Ideal and self-expenditure for others forge the "me." Unselfing *selfs,* unmaking *makes.* That is the great paradox of Life. Jesus knew the secret; Buddha, too; "He that loseth his life saveth it." And whose word more than theirs reveal the secret of the Life of God in man?

Those who habitually live this paradox are our "Saints." Saints are but sinners grown; many sinners are but saints half-grown. "All Souls" should be "All Saints!" In saintship the experience of the disciplined soul often reports on the face the chiseling, refining processes that have gone on within. Saintship is not innocence; it is conquest. It is the experience of men and women who have met many temptations, sometimes falling before them, but growingly their conqueror, until their days become organized victory. A great multitude of sainted souls walks this earth of ours, some of them in every city, town and village; yet, as just hinted, not one of them who knows that he, or she is of the band. They think they are God's "little ones"; and so they are,—He dwelling with them, as the ancient prophet said, "who dwelleth" in the high and holy place, but with them also who are of a "humble and a contrite spirit." They have their struggles still, as new ideals from God dawn on them. They have learned much through disappointment and failure. Sorrow has lighted their way. Death has opened the secrets of deathlessness to them. The burdens borne for other people, as additions to their own, have strengthened them. Daily they keep outward trysts of service with men. With few words of spoken prayer, they are never far from the inward tryst with God in the cloisters of a quiet heart. These are our household saints, the men and women in our midst whose birthdays we celebrate, like little Christmases, with festivals of love and reverence.

Here, of course, would be the place to speak of those the world calls "Saviors," the great Emmanuels of History, whose lives and names have christened saintship. Yet these uncommon happenings only reveal better than the household saints, the possibilities of personality that lie latent in us all. And more is true of all these saints, the greater and the less,—they kindle personality in others. "I am come that they might have life, and have it more abundantly," said the Jesus of John's Gospel. So feel, humbly, all the master-souls in their degree. "I am come that those around me may have more abundant life." They radiate the power of soul-growth. It is their function so to do,—the Life of God works through them to that end.

> "Through such souls alone
> God, stooping, shows sufficient of his light
> For us i' the dark to rise by. And we rise."

Three experiences, then,—Love, Sin and its conquest, Soul-Growth,—have been our illustrations of the Life of God in the Soul of Man; all three selected because common happenings, every day experiences, shared by all. Another illustration might be found in Prayer; but the Prayer of close communion between Soul finite and Soul infinite is less universal. Lowell says:

> "I, that still pray at morning and at eve,
> Thrice in my life, perhaps, have truly prayed,—
> Thrice, stirred below my conscious self, have felt
> That perfect disenthralment which is God."

Another illustration is that sense of participation in things everlasting, Truth, Right, Love, Beauty, and so the sense of deathlessness for self, which true living tends to wake in us; but, again, hardly can this be called an experience shared by all, like Love and Sin and Soul-Growth. With time to spare, how surely one would be drawn on wider illustrations, to speak of History and of Evolution as expressions of that Life of God in Man; History, that is but individual experience writ large; and Evolution, that, in turn, is History itself writ large.

MYSTERY.

(4) Now is all this "mystic"? Certainly it is. Poor is any fact, nay, impossible is any fact within this Universe of ours, that is not bedded in, enfibred through and through with, mystery. Most poor of all, the facts of Soul-life that should try to report themselves as destitute of it. These common things, these constant happenings within us, pass our logic, pass our understanding, pass, of course, description. What they do not pass is, consciousness. They fill our consciousness. They make up consciousness. As sometimes on his pillow in the night one hears his heartbeat in his head, so through the reasonings of our mind the ceaseless pulse of feeling throbs, registering the action of the Soul-life deep within us. Mystic, certainly it is: "In Him we live and move and have our being"; in us He lives and moves and has his being.

> "Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line
> Severing rightly his from thine,
> Which is human, which divine."

SYMBOLS.

(5) Therefore, being mystic, we need symbols when we try to speak of these things. What symbols have we of this mystic Life of God within the Soul? Oh, many symbols. Jesus' symbol for it was the Wind,—"the wind bloweth where it listeth"; and in many languages, you know, the search for finest tissue brings us to the Breath or "Spirit," to describe it. The poets sometimes compare it to the Sea,—the swelling, freshening Ocean-tide that visits every little cove of being, lifting each sea-weed there, and feeding every lowly hunger on the beach. Modern science supplies another symbol when it chants the wondrous psalm of the Sun-force tiding everywhere, and everywhere correlating itself into new forms of motion, heat, light, electricity,—nothing overlooked, nothing unvisited, by it. You know a "doctrine," as we call it, is but a symbol trying to become a definition. So in Emerson this of which we speak is his doctrine of "the Over-Soul." It is Spencer's doctrine of the "Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed, the Power manifesting itself in the universe we call material, and also" —the same Power—"welling in ourselves as consciousness." It is the Christian's doctrine of the "Holy Spirit," as yet so little sounded. It is the ancient doctrine of the "Incarnation," made more true by recognizing Incarnation as universal fact, and, when thus made true, a doctrine in which we all are comrades in belief, delight and awe. It is the doctrine of "Evolution," which is but another term for progressive Incarnation. It is the doctrine that we today are calling the "Immanence of God." Says the new Jesus-word, discovered lately on papyrus in some mummy cave of the Egyptian desert,—

> "Lift the stone, and thou shalt find me;
> Cleave the wood, and there am I!"

If wood and stone be God's dwelling-place, how much more the human thought, will, purpose? And to use one more long word, it is the doctrine of the con-substantiality of Man and God,—man's reason, conscience, love-power being the nature that he shares with God as child with Father,—these elements constituting our "heredity in God," and making simple prose the statement of Emerson, "If a man is at heart just, then in so far is he God: the safety of God, the immortality of God, the majesty of God, do enter into that man with justice."

THEOLOGY IS PSYCHOLOGY.

(6) In this light it grows apparent that Theology is but our own Psychology read into the heavens: from our will, God's Will inferred; from our conscience, God's Right divined; from our love, which is the Brotherhood, God's Love, which is the Fatherhood, affirmed. What we call "God" is not the close of an argument; it is no demonstration. "God" is an *interpretation,—the interpretation of the Universe as Soul by Soul.* The Soul within us, known by consciousness, sees and pronounces Soul without. Soul Universal. To realize God, then, realize your Soul. We do that by experience, an experience that grows; we live our way to that; and the deeper the experience, the clearer the interpretation of the Universe compelled by it. Jesus' beatitude is more than prophecy, it is present fact and very law: "the pure in heart," not merely shall see, but they do "see God." The name of God is, of course, a variable,—and all names say "Anonymous." The conception of God is a variable,—so many minds, so many thoughts. The pronoun for God is a variable,—"He," if "He" covers all that "It" implies; "It," if "It" covers all that "He" can mean. But the interpretation itself —the interpretation of the Universe by Spirit in terms of Spirit—is a psychologic necessity. Realize "Soul" and we realize "God." Only life sees Life,—*but it sees it!* Only love knows Love,—*but it knows it!*

And Religion,—what is "Religion?" Religion is but the unifying word for what I have been hinting thus by separate illustrations. Religion is the consciousness of the Life of God in one's own soul,—the consciousness of this Larger Life within our own in all we do, in all we are. There are innumerable degrees and grades of such consciousness, and Soul-Growth is from the less conscious to the more, and ever more, conscious experience. Religion at its best is a high, but still increasing, consciousness of God's life in one's own. "I and the Father are one" is the humblest word a man can utter, when it is but another version of the prayer, "Not my will, but thine!" When that Gethsemane prayer is prayed and meant and lived, the other word, "I and the Father are but one," becomes the simple fact.

Thursday's Congress, June 1, 1905.

The Congress of Religion and the Dedication of Lincoln Centre were so merged into one in spirit and expression that few could tell which was which and so it seemed quite natural when, in the midst of one of the sessions, Dr. Thomas called forth Mrs. Jones to stand before the people as the inspiration of those beautiful walls and make a speech. "Don't shilly-shally," was Mrs. Wendell Phillips' heroic support to her husband whenever he was called to proclaim the truth, and Mrs. Jones' "Speak your convictions. Remember, you can saw wood and I can work," at times when convictions hinted at an empty larder, is as heroic and should be equally historic. Strange to say, this modest woman stood, though with an air of obeying for the first time mere man. However, she drew the line at the speech. I fancy had she attempted that it would have melted into something more tender than words, for what woman could see the dream of long years of toil and sacrifice and prayer realized and her husband properly environed and bedecked and bejeweled by friends far and near without considerable commotion around the lachrymal founts.

A fine audience assembled Thursday morning to listen to the opening paper by Rev. W. E. Barton of Oak Park, on "The Basis of Authority of the Coming Church." When Dr. Barton speaks he has something to say, but I am not at all positive that he would care to stand on the report of one who would try to epitomize so able a paper into a sentence, but as I caught the substance it read after this manner: The basis of the authority of the church is the basis of religion and is from within and not without. Religion was before creeds or bibles or prophets or priests or Buddhas or Christs. There were always the soul and God and the soul struggle to reach and know its source, to become God-like; and through this upward groping the church took shape as an outward ministry to man.

Rev. Russel N. Bellows of New York, son of Dr. Bellows of blessed memory, whose life and ministry will ever be a part of the pulpit history of the East, was a most welcome guest at the Congress. He spoke on "The Religious Responsibility of the Middle West," giving this great region, with the eye of one who had seen, its rightful place in the work of building for the larger faith and life of the people.

Mrs. Thomas followed with a paper on "The Coming South," which elicited some discussion, in which a Mrs. Brown, a northern woman, with a

slight taint of African blood, took part, giving in beautiful language much sober thought to feed upon. And that is the charm of the Congress platform—its freedom and breadth. Many voices, many minds, yet all one in sympathy and purpose and love.

A very lively portion of the day was that of the noon hour, when through the generosity of All Souls women a bountiful dinner was again given to all. For this the committee, made up of men, alas, never thought to thank them by public resolution, but if the proof of gratitude, as well as of the pudding, is in the eating, there surely was no dearth of grateful expression. Each one seemed bent on beating his own record, vegetarians walked over the fatal line; dyspeptics played with fate, while rabbis urged the groaning plates of forbidden food upon their unsuspecting neighbors. The only trouble on such occasions is that by a law of philosophy one can not sit with all at the same time.

During the recess the working Congress was formulating many plans, of which you have heard somewhat and will hear more later. The afternoon was anticipated with great interest. Mrs. Andrew McLeish, a prominent member of the Chicago Woman's Club, was to read a paper on "The Coming Church in Relation to the Women's Clubs Movement," and the eighty clubs of the city had been invited to take part in the discussion. Many were there, but, alas, no ex-president of the United States was present to receive illumination, and so, I suppose the women's clubs will still go on wrecking homes and churches and neglecting children, as perennial a text for sermonette and story as is the mother-in-law for a joke. Blessed is the faith that with eyes shut or open rests on the eternal order of goodness, knowing that what God hath made humanity cannot unmake, and if one perchance should miss the perfect mold of home maker and wife and mother, much is the pity and more the need of exalting these very duties and functions; and at bottom this is the work of the clubs. They may be organized for this or that, but, as an outsider, let me say the first thought is always to exalt and protect and cherish and nourish the home. But to return to the church. Mrs. McLeish hinted that there were forms of so-called church work indefinite and fruitless that club women might eschew, but in all the activities of applied religious life they led into broader and more vital fields of labor and hence moved the church upon a higher plane.

The next speaker, Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane of Kalamazoo, Mich., was no stranger to the Congress, nor to her subject, "The Institutional Church as a Means of Church Salvation." Dr. Thomas has just told me how years ago he discovered the then Miss Bartlett, a young woman journalist. He was on his way to lecture at Oshkosh, Wis., when he was met on the train a little this side by a young lady, who wished to interview him. She was connected with one of the daily papers. After a few moments' conversation, he said: "You ought to preach." How did he know what was burning within? How morning, noon and night there came the call? How every effort to stifle its voice in good womanly fashion only brought the message nearer? His words came as an assurance, a command, and she obeyed. How many a faltering life might go forth fruitful and triumphant by such an assuring word! I am thinking now of Mary T. Lathrop, that gifted orator from Mrs. Crane's own state, who heard the voice and knew it. But her church said: "Not so, my daughter, no call comes to woman," and the refusal to ordain her robbed the church of one of the really great speakers of the age.

With the same commanding presence and burning earnestness Mrs. Crane stands forth as the woman ordained of God to speak.

And when the readers of UNITY finish her article in this paper let them continue her story of the Institutional Church in the May *Charities*. It is interesting and vital.

In the evening the Congress gave way to the Centre again, when the words of civic welcome came from the city hall and public school and university and settlements and Municipal League, as was in keeping. Wm. Kent, so closely allied with every interest of the city and so intricately woven with every brick of Lincoln Centre, presided. The mayor sent greeting by his representative, who, though a minister, yet by long association with City Hall felt quite at ease in a building without a steeple. Graham Taylor and Jane Addams, without whose presence no civic function is quite complate, shook hands in blessings upon the new child. Trustee White brought the friendship and faith of the great pulsing schools of the city and Prof. Shorey, in spite of the hint of the chairman that Lincoln Centre expected to absorb Chicago University, yet voiced only loving greetings from the Midway school.

Thus ended these rare days of Congress and All Souls Church, an epoch in the life of both; a new birth—one a voice to be heard in the loud pleading for the gospel of the higher humanities, the other an objectivized expression of this gospel; head, hand, heart, home, pulpit and work bench, class room and gymnasium working together for God and humanity.

NOTES.

Now is the time to make up the fund for Congress. Not all have the faculty of raising money as easily as Dr. Hirsch, who said he thought his people would give $500 willingly,—if not, he had a way of getting it anyhow.

When all these extras are written up UNITY is to have a department for Congress, with special editor, and here contributions will be reported. Who will come in first with reports?

Many new and welcome faces were seen at each session. Kindly send your names to secretary of Congress of Religion, Lincoln Centre, that the constituency may know each other.

One must speak of the splendid force of masterly workmen found in the women at Lincoln Centre. They grasp every good thing and shy at no hardship. Their gospel is labor and sacrifice, their recreation study, their spirit love. God bless them always.

No religious centre was ever planted with more hands outstretched to welcome its coming or hearts to bless its doing or hopes to warrant its high and holy mission.

VANDELIA VARNUM THOMAS.

The noisy waves are failures, but the silent tide is a success.

"Take care of my flowers, but don't forget my weeds."—*Froebel.*

Tuesday Night's Addresses.

[The addresses of Miss Ripple and Miss Holbrook, omitted from the account of the Tuesday evening session of the Congress, are here inserted.—EDS.]

MISS LOUISE M. RIPPLE, Principal of the Oakland School:—I am very glad of an opportunity to endorse the many beautiful expressions of congratulation and good cheer, which have been offered the leader of this magnificent new centre, and to congratulate especially the people of this immediate neighborhood on the acquisition of a building that promises so much for the moral, civic and educational uplifting of the people.

The spirit of fraternal helpfulness radiating from this organization has long been recognized by the Oakland School, and both teachers and pupils feel deeply grateful to Mr. Jones and his assistants for the kindly interest they have manifested in our work.

What to do for our children after school hours is a vexing problem which we believe the Abraham Lincoln Centre will help to solve.

Under the present conditions when classes number from fifty to sixty and teachers are struggling with a crowded curriculum of studies, there is little time, strength, or opportunity for outside work.

Two-thirds of the pupils attending the Oakland School live in one corner of the district, and here where the population is most congested are thirty-four saloons, in front of which children play from the time school closes until late at night.

In the moment that has been given me to speak tonight, I wish to make a plea for a children's playground in this neighborhood.

Though a recognized factor in education and morals, play has not been provided for to any extent in large cities. It is the normal occupation of the child and it is on the playground that he obtains his first lessons in citizenship and acquires a sense of fair play.

The school yard and inaccessible parks do not meet the requirements of the active boy and girl.

Every school district should have a public playground properly conducted, and equipped with gymnastic apparatus, cinder tracks, swings, teeters, sandboxes for the little ones, and a building for indoor games, lectures, etc. In this way many misguided children could be reached and much good accomplished.

With the advent of the playground children would gladly turn from the temptations surrounding them on crowded streets to more wholesome entertainments offered elsewhere, and fewer policemen, truant and juvenile court officers would be needed.

The rapidly changing personnel of this district will compel us to do more for the children in the future than we have in the past, hence we look forward to the activities of the Abraham Lincoln Centre for help in the solution of a growing problem, but the united effort of all neighborhood organizations is needed to pay the debt we owe the children by giving them a *place* to play.

MISS FLORENCE HOLBROOK, principal of Forrestville School:—The name, "Abraham Lincoln Centre," is one to conjure with. One of the world heroes who stands for charity to all is eminently fitted for *all souls*. And the term centre has a meaning which appeals to the imagination. Other terms may be limited; a square, a radius, a circumference, at once sets bounds, but a centre is always a starting point, as well as a concentration. Here power is generated. Hence, power radiates; and radiates in as many directions as there are individual thinkers and workers to carry it away. Antæus like, everyone will get renewed strength whenever he comes home to this *centre*, renewed power to carry out into his work.

All social interests must welcome such a powerhouse for good. As a teacher, knowing how society needs all aids to high thinking and right living, realizing the brotherhod existing between home, church, school and state, feeling the necessity of a closer union based upon deeper knowledge and more loving harmony, I hail this Abraham Lincoln Centre, hoping it may ever be a centre of kindliness, helpfulness and truth.

Knowing the work of All Souls Church, it is already proven that one's hopes are well founded that Abraham Lincoln Centre will have ever-increasing radii of hope, love and power, and, as a circumference, the horizon of the spirit.

W. L. Tomlins. An Appreciation.

To all Chicago readers of UNITY the name of Mr. Tomlins is doubtless familiar, and yet many, no doubt, are quite unfamiliar with the distinctive character of his work, and many, also unacquainted with the fact that he has returned to Chicago and is devoting himself exclusively to the demonstration of his unique theories concerning the mission of music in the world. For nearly a quarter of a century he labored in Chicago—coming here about 1870—teaching both children and adults and leading the Apollo Club to a first position among the choral societies of the world, when the call came which took him to New York. Chicago was very reluctant to part with him, consequently when after a few years' absence he again took up his work here, great was the rejoicing among the many who had felt that a prophet in music had arisen in William Lawrence Tomlins.

Now, the history of the world shows that prophets, as a rule, have an uphill time with their prophecies, and in a sense this has been true of our musical prophet; but gradually unbelief and prejudice have fallen back in the face of unquestionable demonstration of his teaching, and today hundreds of students and teachers are testifying to the vitalizing power of music as taught by Mr. Tomlins.

Music, Mr. Tomlins holds to be the one universal gift to mankind—the one harmonizing, unifying gift, and when studied and used as a vehicle of service to mankind, and not a frill or an embellishment, becomes the vitalizing force of life. Music, as taught by Mr. Tomlins, opens new channels of expression, gives new life to every one who sings with the understanding "and makes for brotherhood in the world." "Life is a unit," says Mr. Tomlins: "All life is the same. The life of the grass, the tree, the bird, the beast, man, all are expressions of one life. 'At the surface infinite variety of things; at the centre, simplicity of cause.'

"In a modern factory may be seen many expressions of power in machines, great and small, but there is one room in which power is generated, the life centre from which all power proceeds.

"Not only has the universe one centre of life, but each individual in the world has a life centre. In each man there is a part of his nature where he touches the forces of the universe and where his life force is generated as truly as the electricity is generated in the factory. To be conscious of this life centre is the most important thing in the world."

That Mr. Tomlins can teach singing so as to become the vital force, the fructifying power of life, is attested by the letters sent to the Board of Education after the training of eight hundred grade teachers chosen by them from the public schools of Chicago. From the hundreds of letters sent to Mr. Higinbotham in answer to his query, "What have you gained from your lessons from Mr. Tomlins," I select

but three or four, which are but expressions of the whole. First, from the Beale and Willard schools:

BEALE SCHOOL.

I am enthusiastic and know I am ready to follow a leader if I believe he has the Truth for me. I testify to all Mr. Tomlins' charm as a masterful teacher, but he has given me an awakening so that I can practice at home my exercises and songs and experience exactly what I have tried to describe to you—the expression of a richer, full life. EVA B. CROWE.

WILLARD SCHOOL.

The great work of the teacher lies in so guiding, controlling and inspiring the child that he appreciates his relation to his fellow-beings, wills to restrain his unworthy impulses and to assume an attitude of harmony towards others. This is the healthful growth, reaching out from within, and guided by the spiritual nature. A thoroughly healthful growth is able to resist the little ills that may beset it; it is bound to bring light and happiness, to produce power.

Mr. Tomlins' idea of song in relation to teaching is eminently practical, its keynote is sincerity, it cannot but arouse enthusiasm in both teacher and child; its motive power is spiritual, not material. Mr. Tomlins' idea, therefore, stands for the good of the child, and through the child for the good of humanity. AGNES W. O'BRIEN,
Head Assistant of F. E. Willard School.

FORRESTVILLE SCHOOL.

In music we find something found nowhere else. The value of the message Mr. Tomlins brings is in its universality of application to all natures and all callings. It appeals to the individual soul because of its relationship to the universal soul.

It is evident to the thinker that harmony underlies creation though discords are often heard and seen. But never is this belief so convincing as when the orchestra or chorus voice the universal harmony or when we express ourselves in song.

Music lifts us above the every-day cares of life, its jars and sorrows. We feel sublimated into a purer, sunnier atmosphere; all which bound or cramped or limited us is forgotten and we feel the freedom and God-likeness of the soul—a confidence in the purposes of the Creator of all harmony.

Who can put a value upon the influence of one honest life devoted to noble ideals of truth and service?

FLORENCE HOLBROOK,
Principal.

MOOS SCHOOL.

I feel that I have gained an insight into the spirit of music that I have never known before. Mr. Tomlins has shown us the true service of song, its ethical as well as its æsthetic value. MARY A. CHARLES.

To receive one lesson in music from Mr. Tomlins is an inspiration, for his work is never from the lower, the physical phase of action or thought, but always—*insistently always*—from the highest the class can grasp of hope, love, vital being, truth. It means lifting the class to a higher level and presents a force through music as new as it is strong, as beautiful as it is normal. CARLOTTA B. SCOBEY.

From the tenor of these letters we see that Mr. Tomlins claims for his theories nothing he cannot demonstrate and that a force in education such as music, when properly understood, *may* become, *should* become the possession of every one,—through the teacher to the children under him.

For the benefit of those teachers whose duties through the winter will not permit them to study with him, Mr. Tomlins will conduct a four weeks' session in normal work, in the Fine Arts Building, beginning June 26th, ending July 22nd. Each session will be personally conducted by Mr. Tomlins and his able assistants, and, as a layman who has been privileged to attend many seasons, the writer can sincerely testify that she leaves each one feeling that she has been *almost* on the Mount of Transfiguration, so new does life look through the service of song, as taught by Mr. Tomlins. MARY BADELOT POWELL.

The May number of the *Atlantic* has still nothing better than Thoreau's Journal. The *Literary Digest* is, I am glad to know, gaining rapidly with the scholarly and reading public. We have nothing better to give a young person a clear idea of the age and consecutive history. Be sure you take it into your family.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Accept yourself as you are, and go bravely about bettering yourself.

MON.—Preserve your good-humor. It is a signal of defeat for all the enemies of the soul.

TUES.—Your chief concern is not to be happy or unhappy, well or ill, but always ready.

WED.—To block the wagon going downhill, to prop the wagon going up, needs only a pebble.

THURS.—Do not haul down the flag of the ideal before the demonstrations of a gross reality.

FRI.—If each one were willing to put into his practical living a hundredth part of his socialism, we should be saved.

SAT.—It is in us that victory over the world begins.

—*Charles Wagner.*

Robin Hood.

TO A FRIEND.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more;
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one, of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale,
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone the merry morris din;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn.
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "grene shawe;"
All are gone away and past!
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his tufted grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze:
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fall'n beneath the dock-yard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange! that honey
Can't be got without hard money!

So it is; yet let us sing
Honor to the old bow-string!
Honor to the bugle-horn!
Honor to the woods unshorn!
Honor to the Lincoln green!
Honor to the archer keen!
Honor to tight Little John,
And the horse he rode upon!
Honor to bold Robin Hood
Sleeping in the underwood:
Honor to all the Sherwood clan!
Though their days have hurried by,
Let us two a burden try.

John Keats.

The Habits of Ants.

The communities of ants are sometimes very large, numbering even up to 500,000 individuals; and it is a lesson to us that no one has ever yet seen a quarrel between any two ants belonging to the same commu-

nity. On the other hand, it must be admitted that they are in hostility not only with most other insects, including ants of different species, but even with those of the same species if belonging to different communities.

I have over and over again introduced ants from one of my nests into another nest of the same species; and they were invariably attacked, seized by a leg or an antenna, and dragged out.

It is evident, therefore, that the ants of each community all recognize one another, which is very remarkable. But more than this, I several times divided a nest into two halves, and found that even after a separation of a year and nine months they recognized one another and were perfectly friendly; while they at once attacked ants from a different nest, although of the same species.

It has been suggested that the ants of each nest have some sign or password by which they recognize one another. To test this I made some insensible. First, I tried chloroform, but this was fatal to them, and I did not consider the test satisfactory. I decided therefore to intoxicate them. This was less easy than I had expected. None of my ants would voluntarily degrade themselves by getting drunk.

However, I got over the difficulty by putting them into whisky for a few moments. I took fifty specimens —twenty-five from one nest and twenty-five from another—made them dead drunk, marked each with a spot of paint, and put them on a table close to where other ants from one of the nests were feeding. The table was surrounded as usual with a moat of water to prevent them from straying. The ants which were feeding soon noticed those which I had made drunk. They seemed quite astonished to find their comrades in such a disgraceful condition, and as much at a loss to know what to do with their drunkards as we are.

After a while, however, to cut my story short, they carried them all away; the strangers they took to the edge of the moat and dropped into the water, while they bore their friends home into the nest, where, by degrees they slept off the effect of the spirit. Thus it is evident that they know their friends even when incapable of giving any sign or password.

This little experiment also shows that they help comrades in distress. If a wolf or a rook be ill or injured, we are told that it is driven away or even killed by its comrades. Not so with ants. For instance, in one of my nests an unfortunate ant in emerging from the chrysalis state, injured her legs so much that she lay on her back quite helpless. For three months, however, she was carefully fed and tended by the other ants. In another case, an ant in the same manner had injured her antennæ. I watched her also carefully to see what would happen. For some days she would not leave the nest. At last one day she ventured outside, and after a while met a stranger ant of the same species, but belonging to another nest, by whom she was at once attacked. I tried to separate them; but whether by her enemy, or perhaps by my well-meant but clumsy kindness, she was evidently much hurt and lay helpless on her side.

Several other ants passed her without taking any notice; but soon one came up, examined her carefully with her antennæ, and carried her off tenderly to the nest. No one, I think, who saw it could have denied to that ant one attribute of humanity, the quality of kindness. From *"The Beauties of Nature,"* by *Sir John Lubbock.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF THE FUTURE.—The first Christmas gift to come to hand last year was a little volume from across the sea: *Le Christianisme de l'avenir,* by Hans Faber. Inquiry as to this unfamiliar author brought the information that behind the pen-name, Hans Faber, stands the personality of an earnest Zurich pastor, named Zimmerman, who has published a number of works of a religious nature. The character of the one in hand makes a notice of it seem very timely in connection with the opening of Lincoln Center. Radical as some of its utterances are, its frankness, fearlessness and faith show a spirit akin to our own leader. There is, too, a stimulating suggestiveness in the fact that this prophet call for liberty and spontaneity in the things of the spirit, comes from the old center of Swiss protestanism, the city of Zwingli. Let some extracts speak for themselves.

Technical inventions, however astonishing, can change only the external form of human life. They are the clever toys which enable the present generation to forget itself for a moment. But the time is coming—perhaps has already come—when weary of toys man will toss aside the things that captivated him for a moment; will content himself less and less with observing, verifying and cataloguing natural phenomena, and will return to those eternal problems which, though he may forget them for an hour, or relegate them to a secondary plane, will haunt him till he finds their solution. Weary of studying only matter and its manifestations, nature and the play of its forces, humanity will question again as to the meaning of life, the destiny of man, the existence of God, good and evil, the problem of human suffering.

Will Christianity give the answer to these questions? Will Christ be the teacher of the 20th century?

We hear much of the failure of Christianity. Hans Faber's thesis is that it is not Christianity, but the Church that has failed, and he defends this view with much force, in general and in detail.

Successive chapters treat of the Church, the Lord's Supper, Confirmation, Marriage and Funerals, the State Church, Free Churches, Protestantism, the Bible, its true character, the Church's Interpretation of Scripture, the Teaching of the Young, Preaching, Public Worship, Sunday, Religious Festivals, the Ministry, Baptism, the Church and Life, the Future of the Church, Signs of the Times, the Kingdom of God, etc.

The ecclesiastical function is a compromise, as is the church itself. It is a *modus vivendi,* an easy way of evading the demands of the Gospel. It is the unloading of great and serious duties onto the shoulders of a man paid to carry the burden.

The Gospel creates individuals. Puts man face to face with God and makes him conscious of his task. It reveals to him the meaning of life and causes every man entering into the Kingdom of God to clearly recognize his duties and fulfil them conscientiously and personally.

Man is a whole being. It is not fitting that a single one should administer the spiritual, while the others devote themselves to the temporal, that one should assume, for a consideration, duties devolving on all individually. The situation is not good in which one gives the impulsion to all, must win them all, while the others, "for the sake of the pastor," or for some reason of like force, consent to do something, to put their names on a list, to make a subscription, or attend a committee meeting.

It has been claimed that without its externalization in the church, the gospel of Christ would never have known its uni-

versal extension. But one may, with equal reason, maintain the contrary, that its crystallization was an enormous obstacle to the rapidity of its pacific conquests, a greater obstacle than the opposition of the Jews or the persecutions of the pagans. Like the torrent of lava flowing down the mountain side: when it cools its course is ended.

In the eyes of men at that time the elevation of Christianity to a rank of a state religion seemed, no doubt, an admirable triumph. In recognition of it the church gave the title of Great to the Emperor Constantine, and the pages of its history which tell the story are always headed: Victory of Christianity.

Yet it was a defeat. Victor in appearance, in reality Christianity was vanquished. The victor was the pagan state.

There were in Christianity certain germs, which, if they had developed, would have shaken the pagan state to its foundations. It would seem as if the pagan power had divined and feared this breath of Christianity, liberator of humanity, leveler of the great, and exerted all its diplomacy to avoid the "Christian peril."

It allied itself with the Christian church and proclaimed Christianity the religion of the state; thus decapitating it.

The sword of persecution had raged in vain against the Christian church; it was easily subdued by gilded chains and places of honor. It was willingly given the semblance of victory at the price of its real power. It was allowed to conquer that it need no more be feared. . . .

The state, by origin and essence pagan in its principles and its organization, remained pagan—as did Constantine himself, to the end of his life—it simply made the Christian church its valet, and allowed it voice and influence only in so far as these did not conflict with "interests of state."

The Reformation could not change these conditions. Luther depended too much on princes in his struggle with the ancient church not support the new one on the state. If his sympathies were gained, at first, by the peasants drawing from the refound Gospel their practical conclusions, these soon weakened to give place to the habitual respect for princes and authorities, who had the sacred right of beating down like mad dogs the revolted peasants transformed into brigands.

* * * * * * * *

The question is whether the church is really the right method, the original one, of communicating to mankind the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The answer must be in the negative and say to those who look as "feeling souls," poets, optimists, that if the Gospel had continued its victorious course in the desired direction, it would have brought to men a thousand times more joy, strength, beauty, consolation and light.

* * * * * * * *

There is an abyss between the church and the natural life. The former cultivates with regard to the latter an unconquerable pessimism. It teaches original sin and the absolute corruption of human nature. . . .

If one seeks the original of these dogmas, he does not find them in the Gospel of Christ. In contrast to this pessimism, we find in his mouth a judgment extraordinarily gentle and moderate concerning man and his natural life.

* * * * * * * *

The church and life are contraries. The church does not understand life. That is why it has so little influence upon it. If, on the one hand, it judges life pessimistically, on the other it shows itself powerless in face of it. It is distressing to see how, after centuries, it is incapable of controlling popular morals. . . . Those who know the people know in what low depths it dragged its moral and intellectual life, and are compelled to ask themselves where are the traces of the many centuries of teaching of the Christian church?

* * * * * * * *

It is evident that many of "the faithful" cannot conceive a Kingdom of God without churches, pastors or Bibles, without sacraments or any organization whatever. It is something fantastic and unreal. For them the ruin of the church is Christianity put to flight.

And yet this idea of a Kingdom of God without ecclesiastical institutions, with neither Bible nor sermons, is very old. What else did the Prophet Jeremiah mean when he exclaimed: "I will put my law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts. . . . And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord; for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord."

* * * * * * * *

Signs are not wanting announcing a preparation of the Kingdom of God without churches. . . . The *social* movement is one of these signs. In reality it is Christian truth rending all vails and manifesting itself. It does not bear the Christian name, nor enjoy the approbation of the church, stirred up by government to combat it and attack it from the pulpit. Nevertheless does not this movement come from a vague memory of the words uttered by Jesus concerning poverty and riches, and concerning what man owes his neighbor?

* * * * * * * *

Another sign of the times is the *peace* movement. The people desire peace, and public opinion now regards war as a crime of *lèse-humanity* and an irreparable misfortune. . . . The church has never recognized this, or at least has not dared to proclaim it.

A third sign announces a Kingdom without churches.

There is a preaching of Christianity independent of the churches and even in competition with them. . . . Tolstoi is the lay preacher of Christianity, whose activity is more efficacious than that of a thousand pastors in the pay of the state. He is the modern prophet independent of all churches, anticlerical, leading cultivated people in considerable numbers, to reflect on the meaning and aim of life. That prophecy of this sort should be heard today and heeded, is a sign of the times and a good sign.

* * * * * * * *

Professor Hilty, member of the Swiss Parliament, statesman and distinguished economist, is also one of these chosen spirits, lay preachers of the present day.

Henry Drummond and the American Sheldon are also noted in this chapter on signs of the time. But my extracts are already growing too long. Perhaps they may stimulate some to get the work in either French or German and read it for themselves. There is much more in the book than I have been able to suggest. M. E. H.

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